

THOMAS BRAND HOLLIS, Esq. at the Hyde in Essex,  
POSED TO BE

nts and Monasteries in Flanders by the Emperor.

thing the HYDE, by the back Road.

Sure the kind Master of Delight's Abode  
Will not deny, in Charity, a Spot  
Where on to rest Life's wayward, weary Load,  
In some serene, some happy, quiet Grot;  
There to retire, and dwell in holy Ease,  
And there to chaunt our Prayers with our Mefs,  
That Goal to gain which brings eternal Peace,  
Where we shall weep no more or feel Distress?

Speak gentle Sir?

They  
speak  
aside. { Behold! his placid Looks on us bow down,  
And smile Compassion on our froward Lot:  
He feels Misfortunes, tho' they're not his own,  
They promise unto each a tranquil Cot.

He speaks.

Yes, modest Dames, those down-cast Eyelids deem  
To plead your Cause: and you, ye aged Seers,  
Whose hoary Locks and grave Deportment seem  
To claim from me a Boon——dispel your Fears.  
Draw near, and follow——fearless. I intreat!  
This place is yours——allotted for Repose:  
Where each shall find an undisturb'd Retreat;  
And each to each, may secret Thoughts disclose.  
Unheard by Men, if silent you would be,  
Or sing your Oraisons in Fancy's Church:  
Make this your bright *Eglise* or *Bouderie*:  
Here all's secure beyond Oppression's search.

They all,

In grateful Silence bow, and take their Places,  
While Satisfaction ornaments their Faces.